

# THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

\* "Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back," \*

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

ELEVENTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1865.

NUMBER 31.

## Winchester : Bank,

WINCHESTER, KY.

N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.  
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.

Paid up Capital, \$200,000.00.  
Surplus, \$60,000.00.

This Bank sells the best of merchandise, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking.

Oct. 24, 1865.

TRADE'S DEPOSIT BANK,

MT. STERLING, KY.

CAPITAL, \$200,000. J. SURPLUS, \$30,000.

J. M. BIGSTAFF, President.  
G. L. KIRKTHOMAS, Vice President.  
W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

We respectfully solicit the business of merchandisers, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky. A general banking business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book. Give us a check, and loan you money when in need.

W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

Broadway Millinery Store.

New Spring Styles

— or —

Hats and Bonnets

OF EVERY GRADE AND PRICE.

Fancy Goods, Flowers, Hair Braids,

Ribbons, &c., at prices to suit the times.

Mrs. MAGGIE GILLUM,

No. 31 North Broadway, Lexington, Ky.

Recently removed from 49 N. Broadway.

COMBS HOUSE,

CAMPONTON, KY.

J. B. HOLLOW, PROPRIETOR.

The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Table the best, and every attention to the comfort of guests.

CLARENDON HOTEL,

Cor. Short and Limestone Streets,

LEXINGTON, KY.

JOS. M. TAYLOR, Proprietor.

This house is only two squares from Lexington and Eastern (K. U.) depot, is first class, and rates reasonable. The patronage of the mountain people is solicited, and the best treatment assured.

W. J. SEITZ,

WITH

W. M. KERR & CO.,

SUBERS IN

Hardware & Agricultural Implements,

IRONTON, O.

C. D. MOORE WITH

BEN WILLIAMSON & CO.,

Hardware, Cutlery, &c.

CATLETTSBURG, KY.

Sole agency for South Bend Plows.

CHARLES UHL,

WITH

REED, PEEBLES & Co.

WHOLESALE

Dry Goods & Notions,

PORTSMOUTH, O.

D. R. J. F. LOCKHART,

DENTIST,

EZEL, KY.

A. FLOYD BYRD,

Capmonton, Ky.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

(See Abstracts of titles furnished, collections made and prompt returns guaranteed. Connected with the law firm of Wood & Day, Mt. Sterling, Ky., in civil practice.)

A. HOWARD STAPER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

CAMPONTON, KY.

Will practice in the courts of Wolfe and the adjoining counties. All business entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention.

T. C. JOHNSON, J. H. SWAMCO,

Campion, Hazel Green.

JOHNSON & SWAMCO,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Will practice in the Wolfe county and circuit courts. Collections promptly made and abstracts of titles furnished on short notice.

J. A. TAULBEE, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Surgery and obstetrics a specialty

## NEIGHBORING NOTES.

Items of News Gathered by Busy Herald Correspondents

That Its Readers May Be Posted on What Is Being Said and Done.

## A RESUME OF THE PAST WEEK

If there's a hole in your coats,  
I redye 'em t'it;  
A chiel's among you taking notes,  
And faith he'll present it.

### WOLFE COUNTY.

#### Flat Facts.

J. Newton Vaughn passed through our section the 10th inst., enroute home from Beattyville.

Jack Frost sat heavily on the sugar cane of this section, causing the farmers to "hustle" to get their winter's "sweetin'" boiled down so it wouldn't sour.

Levi Couch and daughter, Miss J. J. Couch, formerly of this county, but now of Owesby, paid us a pleasant visit recently. Mr. Couch reports the Democrats of his county solid for Hardin.

Since the appointment of the Hon. James C. Cokerham as deputy sheriff in this part of the county, there has been "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, money! money! for revenue only."

Hurrah for Hon. P. Watt Hardin.

He has driven Col. Bradley from the stains. Langley has been crushed beneath the weight of solid facts, and the brilliant star of Wat's destiny shines undimmed in the cloudless sky of Kentucky's Democracy, where it will still grow brighter and brighter, bursting into a flaming奔腾 when he is crowned governor of our grand old commonwealth.

RESPECTFULLY,

GREGG R. KELLER.

Carlsbad, Ky., Oct. 26th 1865.

P. S. Of course I solicit the votes of all Democrats.

#### Public Speaking.

Hon. Jos. C. Lykins, Democratic candidate for Representative from Morgan and Wolfe counties, will address the people of this section at the following times and places:

Thursday, Oct. 31. —

White Oak, Morgan county, Friday, Nov. 1.

Salem, Morgan county, Saturday, Nov. 2.

Campton, Wolfe county, Monday, Nov. 3.

Speaking will begin at 1 o'clock p. m. Everyone feeling themselves interested in the affairs of the country is respectfully invited to be present. Hon. W. J. Seitz and Hon. Wm. W. Burch are requested to meet me at said appointments and a division of time will be given each.

WILL COVIL, of West Liberty, who was betrothed to Miss Stella Kash, who died Sunday night, was completely prostrated when he heard the news, and when he came over and saw her corpse his grief knew no bounds. He was very much grieved, and elicited the sympathy of every one. He can not be consoled or consoled and his friends fear that he may take down with severe illness. Poor fellow, we pity him from deep down in our heart, but he should be consoled with the thought that

"All that's bright must fade."

The brightest still the fleetest:

All that's sweet was made

But to be lost when sweetest."

If you are indebted to this office on some account job work or advertising you will oblige us very much by coming to the Captain's office and paying your dues. We need a little of the fifty

lire about as bad as a hobo does a meal's victuals at times, and your promptness will relieve our distress and forever appreciated. Never mind the rush. Come on and we'll try and attend your wants.

We will take good sound corn on all

subscriptions due this office, where par-

ties have not the money, and allow 32¢

cents bushel of wheat. The corn to be del-

ivered at this office.

SHANGHAI.

MORGAN COUNTY.

Casey Callings.

Married, Oct. 24, Miss Whitt, daughter of William Whitt, of Casey, to Mr.

George Keeton, son of Harvey Keeton,

now in Texas. May they live long and

prosper in this life is the wish of your

scribe.

Deputy United States Marshal Green

Lacy arrested and took to Salyerville

for examining trial Thomas Williams

and two of the Jones boys for stilling,

Frank Brown for selling whisky.

Brown was acquitted, and the other boys

were bound over to the United States

court at Covington.

I wish to call the attention of my friends

to my fall and winter stock of caps and

dress goods, kid gloves, cloaks, caps, Tam-

o-shanter, &c., in all styles, walking

and in fact hats to go all sorts.

Mrs. F. N. DAY.

Hon. J. C. Lykins will address the

people of Hazel Green on Saturday night

next, Nov. 2, and Jas. H. Swamco will

also speak at the same time.

Shanghailian Oil is said to be the most

wonderful liniment for external applica-

tion that scientific chemists have yet

been able to compound. Hundreds and

thousands testify to this, as it has saved

both life and expense. Sold at this office

at 40 cents a bottle. Try it, as it is a

household necessity and always a friend

in need."

Your scribe had the pleasure of at-

tending the finest meeting at Grassy

Lick last Sunday that I have had for

some time. There were several funerals

preached. Among the preachers were

James Wheeler, David Williams, Dr. W.

L. Gevedon, Logan Johnson and Wilk

Lykins. All preached able sermons to a

large and well behaved congregation.

After meeting there was one of the finest

basket dinners ever served on Grassy

Lick. In fact, a good time in general, but we

are sorry to say Dr. Gevedon lost his

hat at the windup of the occasion, but we

think he will have the luck to find it

again.

NED.

POLITICAL SPEAKING.—Major W. J.

Seitz, Republican candidate for the legis-

lature for this term, will meet Hon.

J. C. Lykins, the Democratic nominee, at

the full swing places and discuss the

issues of the day:

Paint, Thursday, Oct. 31.

White Oak, Friday, Nov. 1.

Salem, Saturday, Nov. 2.

Speaking at 1 o'clock p. m. All cordi-

ately invited to attend.

A CARD FROM GREEN R. KELLAR.

Editor—Dear Friend: Please to

the Populists and Prohibitionists of

your county that as they have no candi-

date on their ticket for railroad commis-

sioner, that I most respectfully solicit

their support. I shall be obliged if they

will make a cross in the square opposite

my name, and if elected I promise to

give my best efforts to discharge the

duties of the office faithfully and honorably.

Respectfully yours,

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Wanted,

500 bushels of good Wheat. Will pay 75c.

per bushel on notes and accounts in

meals, including flour, (the best bran)

wheat to be delivered at my store in

Hazel Green.

J. T. DAY.

Frank Hazenrigg, of West Liberty,

who came over Monday to attend the

funeral and burial of Miss Stella Kash

on Tuesday, returned home Wednesday.

I wish to call the attention of my friends

to my fall and winter stock of caps and

dress goods, kid gloves, cloaks, Tam-

o-shanter, &c., in all styles, walking

and in fact hats to go all sorts.

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# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN. KY.

## TOGETHER.

Sweet hand, that, held in mine.  
Seems the one thing I cannot live without,  
The soul's one anchorage in this storm and  
doubt.

I take thee as the sign

For sweetest days in store.  
For life, and more than life, when life is  
done,  
And thy soft pressure leads me gently on  
To Heaven's own evermore.

I have not much to say,  
Nor any words that fit such fond request;  
Let my blood speak to thine, and bear the  
rest.

Some silent, way.

Three blast the faithful hand  
Which saves e'en while it blesses! hold me

Let me go not beneath the flood at last,  
So near the better land.

Sweet hand, that, thus I mine,  
Seems the one thing I cannot live without,  
My heart's one anchor in life's storm and  
doubt.

Take this, and make me thine

—McClure's Magazine.

## EMANCIPATION OF A MAN.

BY MARY STUART BOYD.



EVEN o'clock chimed, with harsh, impatient ping, from a clock on the ground floor, and was echoed by the muffled whirr of an alarm clock on the stairs. Half an hour later Peter Parr opened his bedroom door and quietly descended the attic stair. On the landing he paused to pick up the dormat of the front room a pair of square-toed shoes of opinonative aspect, with toes too long and heels too short, assumed his downward journey. The drawing-room door stood ajar, and he entered. Jerking up the broken Venetian blind, he raised the window to let the morning breeze sweep through the close atmosphere of the place. It was difficult to adjudge the character of the chamber. Billows paper lined the walls, dirty waxcloth covered the floor, and a paraffin stool clumsy as an antelope supported the weight of the sacred flame. The floor space was largely occupied by a long table with a raised desk at one end. It was littered with papers, pens, school ink bottles and little heaps of tobaccoash. The dining-room, separated by folding doors, was encumbered with many things. On the sofa lay a hard felt hat, two immense black-headed pins stuck in the crown its sole trimming, and a wavy comb tangle and undistained. The table still bore evidence of an unappetizing meal; the heel of a loaf, a sticky pot of jam, and the oily remains of a tin of salmon. And the carpet was Haven for a wilted leaf of lettuce and endless dust.

Peter gazed helplessly round for a minute; then with the heavy tread of despondency, went down the dark stairs to the kitchen. A scurrying



HE BEGAN TO BRUSH THE SHOES.

flight of black beetles marred his entrance, and a grant kitten sprang to welcome him. Laying shoes and garments on the top of the copper in the scullery, and putting on a pair of old gloves and an apron, he poked out the ashes and essayed to kindle a fire in the rusty stove, working slowly, yet with uncertain precision. The fire alighted, and the kettle on, he began to brush the shoes.

Peter was a man of fifty, spare of figure, with dreamy eyes and hair of beard touched with grey; one whose instincts were essentially poetic, peaceful and home-loving. There was a pained expression on his face, as, dipping the brush afresh in the blacking sencer, he operated on the dogmatic-looking foot gear. Perchance he thought of the momentous changes that had taken place in the sensible shoes had brought into his life.

Fifteen years earlier a friend on his death-bed implored him to befriend his wife and his infant daughter, and he fulfilled the trust faithfully; while, after a time, he married the widow,

she was an attractive woman then, with many an enthusiasm and a love of beauty. She had an income of her own, which, uniting with her husband's salary, was quite sufficient to keep them in respectable, if not elegant, fashion. But she was unblushing with any sense of order, and cursed with a fondness for gadding about, so she never managed to impart the least sense of comfort to the house. A weary succession of incompetent servants, each less tolerant than the other of the master's whims, had crossed and recrossed the threshold.

During all this time Peter had certainly endured much. His likes and dislikes had never been permitted to obstruct his wife's experiments. He had submitted for a space to vegetarianism; he had broken fast on a winter's morn on raw melon and home-made whole-meal bread. For some years, Mrs. Augusta Parr—as she now selected to style herself—discarded over her head modesty, and, household affairs, had espoused heart and soul the cause of every new woman's movement. Its objects interested little; her soul principle was to deify whatever powers and privileges women possessed, and to clamour for those denied them.

At first, the man had anticipated pleasure in the exercise of the functions of the child; but the lack of the restraining influence of maternal tenderness, and the effect of the interminable gabble of the inferiority of man, had wrought in her a hardness of manner and a coarseness of thought altogether repellent to a nature intuitively refined. Presently he realized the impossibility of attaining any community of feeling with her. Of late, the girl, almost a woman grown, had chosen to declare her independence. She had thrown off the gauntlet to her parent, announced her intention of acting as she pleased in all things, and of submitting to no supervision of any kind. And the mother, reaping the crop of her own sowing, dare find no fault with the harvest. The previous day, the daughter had quarrelled with her mother, and, in the door behind her had dropped to the floor the emerald-pink girl-friend in chambers. In the evening Mrs. Augusta Parr had crept, in her own drawing-room, over an assemblage large and heated, and, unceasing the burning question: "Why are We the Slaves of Man?" The debate had been prolonged to a late hour; now Mrs. Augusta Parr slept the sleep of the exhausted slave while her maid polished her shoes.

The kettle boiled over, and Peter prepared himself some tea and slices of bread and butter. In spite of the frequent lapses of domestic aid, when he either cooked for himself or went without food. He had just commenced breakfast when a plaintive meow from the kitten reminded him of its existence. As he opened the side door to lift the milk-can a whiff of fresh air smote a thrill through his senses. The spirit unvanquished even by years of imprisonment, held a branch of fragrant hawthorn towards the south. Leaning against the door post to inhale the perfume, Peter let his heart incline wistfully to dreams of country gladness, till the hour of eight, rung from a church tower hard by, warned him that he must start in ten minutes if he were to be at his post by nine o'clock. Turning back to his meal, he filled "Boxer's" saucer with milk, and, sitting down at the bare wooden table, turned to resume his meal. It had suddenly grown distasteful to him. A spray of the fragrant blossom he had plucked lay beside his plate. His was all the townsman's craving for the country; and, as he bitched his bread, the vision splendid passed before his mind's eye. He seized his low-caved collar with claspless, nodding fingers, a roof and old-fashioned roses perching at the windows, and a garland with gilly-flowers and hollyhocks whose stalks were as sounding reeds for the drowsy murmur of bees and the merry cackle of fowls, while an open door revealed a clean kitchen with a bright hearth and a cozy arm-chair—the very abode of peace.

Then, with the impetuous decision of a quick, slow man, he asked: "Why should I end these luxuries? My mind's far from laborious, and I can't afford them. Why not? My days are passed in a busy city office, toiling to earn money; and to what purpose? That I may pay rent and taxes for a house which is a horror to me, and that I may provide food and clothes for those whose only religion is to despise me. My wife is independent of me. Should I give up my wife? I have a little less for her capaigns that is the whole deprivation she will suffer. And my patrimony, which insures me forty dollars sterling a year, will mean a fine income in some rural spot?" He thought of Thoreau, even of Robinson Crusoe, in that moment of romance; the lust for freedom was strong within him, and his resolution was not long assuaged.

Stepping up to the hall for his hat, he yearned to rescue certain treasures from his room; some favorite books, one or two old letters. But while he considered, a warning streak from above proclaimed there was no time to lose. So, stepping out with no greater encumbrance than the small handful it was his wont to carry daily to and from the city, he gently closed the door with a joyful sense of so doing for the last time. He had little regret, none of compunction, no hesitation regarding the future; the un-

wonted exhilarating certainty of freedom quickened his pulses and ran like wine through his veins. The mere closing of that door, with its blistered paint and tarnished knocker, seemed to shut out all that had been dear and humiliating in his old home, and to set a sharp appeal to meet a new and beautiful one. An eatreant mew directed his attention to the kitten following close at his heels. It was the one living creature in his home which had crave his companion'ship, so fold it in his arms he strode away.

Seven years later, Mrs. Augusta Parr, in an enthusiastic canvas involving the enfranchisement of woman, drove along a quiet country road in Warwickshire in the noonday heat. The sun beat fiercely on her, and the dust raised by the wheels impeded her throat and nostrils. She felt exhausted and dispirited, for it had come on her with convincing force that in very truth she had made a mess of her life. She was no longer young, and she was alone in the world. Her daughter had married a drunken brute who beat her. Her husband, too, she had lost—how she had never discovered



ALONG A QUIET COUNTRY ROAD.

and she missed him. Not at first, probably, but now when too late to recover him. Even her nobility appeared to wax hollow and worthless, and, strange weakness in a person so strong-minded, she would have given much just then to be able to indulge secretly in a good cry.

A pretty cottage stood in the midst of a long garden; one end of the demesne sloped to the road, the other stretched to the brink of a trodden arbor. A slender girl in a light, refreshing shade of a jasmine-covered arbor, placidly read a magazine. A plate of strawberries stood on a table at his side, a cat contentedly sunned itself on his knee.

"Oh! I could rest in a place like that," murmured Mrs. Augusta Parr as she drove wearily to the hall, where a delighted audience and loud applause awaited her.

But neither he nor she knew that for a spell their paths had crossed again.

Black and White.

## STANDARDS OF BEAUTY.

How Various Nations Have Idealized

Is there any handsome people on the face of the globe? Now, we may set aside the black and yellow and poly-chromes in general, many of whom are well-shaped, and like bronze statues to look upon, but who do not come up with the Aryan standard in features and color. Leaving these children of nature out of the question, it may be confessed that there is no race among them beauty equals. If the ancient Greeks were like their statues, then there was once a beautiful race, but it is not so certain that they did not idealize themselves a good deal.

There is the more reason to guess this, as, when they have to represent a barbarian, say a Gaul or a German, or a professional prize fighter, they make these people handsomer than as they are thought in another way. There is a famous bronze statue of a Gaul who might be taken for an orator, or a poet, were it not for his heavy metal-studded gloves. Thus it may be deemed that there is a great proportion of the ideal in these statues, vases, coins and figures, where everyone is so graceful and goodly.

The Americans write us as if their women were a galaxy of loveliness, and then comes a military critic (English) who only saw three pretty women in the streets and who was a foreigner. There is no knowing what to believe when patriotic boasts of the local fair.

Perhaps it might pay an American journal to send a commissioner on beauty all around the world; one who should give a comprehensive and unbiased opinion. But it would be difficult for the world to believe in his judgment, and no really scientific result could be obtained. At home we may all look about us, and see where beauty flourishes most. Now it may be a heresy, but we think that the scientific observer will find beauty most common among the young working-women and shop girls on one hand, and among the "highest circles," on the other.—London Times.

The life of the imagination, as of the body, disappears when we pursue it.—Wilmott.

## DEMONOLOGY IN CHINA.

of the Cantonese Have Blistered Frogs and the Phoenix Kingdom.

These ceremonies so often observed on occasions of death all have their origin in the demonology of the Taoists. Paper clothes, paper palaces, paper pipes and paper money are burnt when a man dies to provide the soul of the dead with means of bringing it's way through the Devil kingdom to its rest, and the clothes burned are often scattered after high officials' funerals in order to impress favorably the spirits encountered on the mysterious journey. Taoist priests are called to consult the soul of the departed to ascertain its wishes. They discover the locality for burial and indicate all details of this last service to the dead.

The Shanghai railroad met its doom from this source. The priest induced those who the running noise of the cars caused the people to run away, to be faithful to the dead who filled the numerous mounds along its course. To appease the wrath of the dead, Chinese capitalists bought the road, with its equipments, and tore up the tracks, and stored the entire plant under sheds at Shanghai. Thus it is seen that this religion stands in the way of all innovations in that old country, and the first thing necessary in order to introduce railroads into China is to destroy the priests, and inflict a little common sense into the people.

During the prevalence of the great flood in northwestern China in 1874-5 there was an unusual flood in the valley of the Yangtze-Kiang. The priests endeavored to solve the mystery of this uneven distribution of rain. The curse fell upon the royal household at Pekin. It is the duty of the emperor to enter the Temple of Heaven, and, in the temple, to make offerings to the blamings of Heaven upon the people. He always asks for rain among other things, and the impression obtained is that the emperor had hurriedly asked for rain, but had not taken the pains to state where he wanted it. The result was that floods came in some places, while famine from drought came in other parts of the empire. This feeling was producing a general spirit of revolt, when in the reign of the present ruler to rescue in the drought-smitten provinces.

A few of the more intelligent Chinese at Shanghai have exhibited an independence of thought which was exceptional. It shows a tendency to break away from the tyranny of ignorance and superstition, which tendency must eventually spread sufficiently to awaken an age of reason. And when it does, the Taoist high priest must follow in the wake of the breakaway.

But the dominance of ignorance and the quackery of priests will hold China in slavery to an unreasoning fear and irrational faith for generations yet unborn. Yet the seeds of a better intelligence are being planted in this dark corner of the earth. The people to whom Europeans give no heed to imaginary devils, and nevertheless believe in them, are in need of intervention of priests, and thus the civilization will eventually dawn upon them. How grievously their forefathers have been hoodwinked, cheated, and robbed by the reign of demonology, created and perpetuated for their own gain by the army of Taoist priests.—Harper's Weekly.

## WHEN JEWS HAD THREE EYES.

Odd Tradition Prevails Among the Hebrews of the Orient.

The Jews of eastern Palestine and Asia Minor have a queer tradition which has survived from ancient times and tells of a remote period in their history when every fully developed Israelite was equipped with three perfect eyes. The two main cities, according to this curious old-time legend, were situated in the front part of the head, just above the nape of the neck, near the edge of the hair. This extra eye in man was not "evolved" out of existence, as useless organs generally are (according to the ideas of the progressive scientists), but was closed by divine injunction on the day when Moses was given the tables of stone on Sinai. You remember that God's command on the day that the tables were renewed was to the effect that no man should be seen in the vicinity of the holy mount. (See Exodus xxviii.) The believers in the three-eye tradition, however, do not always supplement God's command by ordering the faithful who were encamped in the valley to turn their heads to the mountain. This they did, but took good care to uncover the eye that was situated in the back part of the head, just above the nape of the neck, near the edge of the hair. This extra eye in man was not "evolved" out of existence, as useless organs generally are (according to the ideas of the progressive scientists), but was closed by divine injunction on the day when Moses was given the tables of stone on Sinai. You remember that God's command on the day that the tables were renewed was to the effect that no man should be seen in the vicinity of the holy mount. (See Exodus xxviii.)

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An early shave makes a pleasant man.

The J. W. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

It Will Pay

To make some provision at this season, because for a cold, fever, an attack ofague, or typhus fever now may make you invalid for life. First of all be sure that your blood is pure, for health depends on pure blood. A few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla will be a paying investment now. It ate your whole system.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Is the One True Blood Purifier.



Every whale has barnacles, every success has imitators.

The De Long Patent Hook and Eye.

See that

**hump?**

Richardson's De Long Bros., Philadelphia.



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COCOAS and CHOCOLATES

On this Continent have now

HIGHEST AWARDS

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PINEOLA COUGH BALM

In excess for all throat inflammations of

the larynx, tonsils, &c., &c.

It will relieve the pain of the

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## MRS. BUSBY'S IDOLS.

BY HOPE DARING.

Mr. Joseph Busby eyed the sky as he slowly walked from the barn to the house. The morning sun was veiled by a fleecy mist, while low in the southwest a bank of dark gray clouds was visible.

After his prolonged scrutiny, Mr. Busby considered the matter. It was not until he had washed his hands and sat on the back kitchen porch and entered the room where his wife was making up the breakfast, that he said:

"Pears like it might rain."

"That is what you always say if there's a cloud in the sky," Mrs. Busby said tartly. "I'll thank you to lift that boiler on, just the same."

"Want to wash? It's most certain to rain."

"Let it rain. I haven't any patience with such weather," and Mrs. Busby dashed down cellar after a pitcher of cream.

Her husband never hurried. He put the boiler carefully on the stove, built a good fire, and, in obedience to a gesture from his wife, took his place at the table.

Mr. Busby always thought before he spoke. This time, after a brief but silent blessing, he devolved himself to ham, eggs and potatoes for five minutes before saying in his usual drawling voice:

"That was a powerful sermon of the elder yesterday, Mirandy. I always thought that when about to be given to the world, it might apply to some of us. Most everybody has idols of one sort or other."

Mrs. Busby stirred her golden brown coffee reflectively. "Perhaps so. I hope the people who needs it took Mr. Ranton's fine application. As for me I once had an idol, but God took it."

There was a pause. The thoughts of both husband and wife traveled to the parlor where their darling son, a child of two, madden with laughing blue eyes and dimpled arms. It was a picture of little Leah, their only child, whose death twenty years before had left the old farm home desolate.

Mr. Busby's heart was too deeply stirred by memories of his child to speak. But when a dash of rain came against the window pane his wife exclaimed crossly:

"It's raining. And if I don't want Monday nothing goes right all the week."

"Tain't an idol, is it, Mirandy?" The good man of the house pushed back from the table. "Now, it don't seem just right to be so hot as you air on your work exactly as you want to. It peaks to me it might be an idol."

"What an ideal! Just look there, Joseph. See that dirty spot on the chandelier where you've rubbed your old coat sleeves. This chandelier was clean yesterday morning and now it must go in the wash, making three this week. I do wish you would be more careful."

"Why, now, Mirandy, I do try to be careful. I wish you would use colored tablecloths. I thought you bought some turkish robes."

"Yes, didn't you?" and a look of disgust crossed the face opposite Mr. Busby. "But I want it understood I am not going to use 'em. I will work my fingers to the bone before I'll set my table with anything but a white cloth," and she stroked the glossy lines approvingly.

"I know, Mirandy, but maybe that's another idol. You see, you think a sight of such things."

"Now, Mrs. Busby, if you are going to talk such nonsense, as they say, better not mention it. Just as the sun is shining. So you see it was right for me to wash after all."

"Maybe so," and the eyes of the simple-hearted man softened as he looked through the east window from which the rain drops were yet falling. "Maybe, so, Mirandy. You air an uncommon woman and have been a good wife for twelve years. You hasn't got no idols, Mirandy, not half as many as I have. But this always thinken your way is best—"

"See here, Joseph Busby," there was an undertone of almost fierceness in her voice. "I think such twisting of the Scriptures is sinful. If I have idols, I tend to 'em, that's all," and Mrs. Busby strode into her bedroom and shut the door violently.

When she returned to the kitchen she was in possession of the field. Joseph had gone to his work.

"High time," she snifed; "idols, indeed!"

She put her clothes to soak, and carrying her dishes into the pantry began washing them. Her thoughts were not pleasant ones. The frown on her face told that. The window before which she stood was covered with a thick growth of morning glory vines. A few of the usually twisted buds, unheeding the thumping of storm, had opened their pink, blue and white blossoms and poised in at the flushed face of the worker. But Mrs. Busby was too busy, too disturbed by her husband's words to notice their beauty.

"I don't see what possessed Joseph to say that," she said, as she began rubbing her clothes. "I gave up the idol I ever had twenty years ago."

She stopped abruptly. "Of course, it's that letter," she went on, after a brief pause. "But he is wrong. It isn't idols that keep me from doing my—"

Again she stopped. She had almost said duty. A week before a letter had come from a little town in Kansas to Mr. Busby. The letter contained news of the death of Mrs. Emma Hale, a distant cousin of Joseph. Mrs. Hale was a widow and left one child, a boy, two years old. The writer, a neighbor of the dead woman, went on to say she could care for him no longer, and if his relatives did not come for him he would be sent to the poorhouse. He then coolly proposed sending for the child and adopting it. His wife had flatly refused. What—a child, a two-year-old baby, to make litter on her clean floors and upset her orderly plan?

"You must be crazy, Joseph," she said, severely. "If it was a girl, now, and big enough to be out from under foot, I might think of it. But there hasn't no use talking about it."

Joseph Busby rarely opposed his wife, even in so small a matter as this. The woman had made him silent. However, he said:

"We air going to Mirandy. The baby would be something to love us."

These words came back to Mrs. Busby as she bent over the wash tub. Did she and Joseph need something to lose them? She thought of the rambling old house with its many rooms, of the fertile acres surrounding it, and of the comfortable bank account. Then her thoughts turned to the distant cemetery where the marble cross marked her baby's grave.

"I couldn't give Leah's place to another," she whispered. "And yet we might make a place for himself. Oh, my baby, I miss her still."

Withdrawing her hands from the suds, Mrs. Busby crossed the sitting room and entered the parlor. No one knew, not even her husband, how many troublesome questions the mother settled before her child's birth.

She opened the blinds and looked long and earnestly at the laughing baby face.

"Do you want me to dear?" she asked tearfully. "Do you want me to take a noisy, troublesome boy into my life? an idol, Leah, my wanting everything so much?"

Ten minutes later she was back at her washing. The parlour blinds were closed and all things were as they had been, excepting Mrs. Busby's eyes. There was a new light in their gray depths. At half past nine the last clothes were on the line. Returning from hanging them out, Mrs. Busby found a neighbor, Mr. Vance, at the door.

"I've been down to the station," he said, "and the eight o'clock train brought a baby for you, or, Busby, rather."

"A what?" demanded Mrs. Busby, catching her breath.

"A baby." It was plain to see that Mr. Vance was enjoying the situation. "A woman who was going out on a trip, and her baby from the womb, she belonged to some of Busby's agents. She left it in care of the ticket agent, and he sent it over by me. It's down to the road in my wagon, and a truck, too. The little fellow has cried most ever since the woman left him."

Mrs. Busby took down her green gingham sunbonnet and prepared to follow him out to the wagon without a word.

"Are you expecting it?" Mr. Vance asked, somewhat disappointed at her quietness.

"Not to day," she replied, briefly.

"It was a plump, but tear-stained little face that met her eager gaze. There were great blue eyes, a rosy mouth and closely-curled yellow hair.

Mrs. Busby held up her hand.

"Come to me, dear," she said coaxily. "You want some bread and milk, don't you, and to see the dear little chickens?"

Silk tissue, in rainbow like dots of yellow, rose and green, covered with a white lace border, and a frill on a yard.

In yellow or green over-blouse, lace at the chin and at the breast, the front laps of the fichu need to be caught up with a cluster of loose silk, variegated roses or poppies.

Silk tissue, in rainbow like dots of yellow, rose and green, covered with a white lace border, and a frill on a yard.

On every evening it flies out to show the clean lines of the black skirt and body bodice and lends a delicious youthful grace and slenderness to the wearer's figure.—Detroit Free Press.

**Precious Roses.**

A new race of roses has been introduced by some Paris growers. They belong to the polyantha group—that is to say, they bear their flowers in trusses. The new roses have the advantage over the others of being "perennial" and consequently they flower continually all through the summer. This advantage they owe to their origin, a natural cross (crossbreeding natural), observed in the Lyons gardens, between the flowers of the first specimens of polyantha introduced from Japan and some hybrid perpetual roses. By repeated and careful selections, a race of roses has been produced which, like annuals, germinate, flower and produce seeds in less than a year. The term "dwarf" is justified by the height, which in adult plants is only about twenty inches. The flowers are single, semi-double or double in almost equal proportions and present almost all the variations of those observed in cultivated roses. Flowering commences in the first year and even a few months after sowing. This peculiarity is one of the most remarkable and interesting features of this new type.—Gardeners' Chronicle.

N. Y. Observer.

## DRESS JUGGLERY.

**A Clever Woman Who Contrives Several Costumes Out of One.**

The economics of the toilet is a complex question that every woman answers more or less satisfactorily, according to her thoughts and purse, through the variation of dress from a calico gown, and checked apron to a daintiness selection among the dainties displayed in the shops this month of foreign importations. But for the woman who has a little money to desire to make always a sweet, simple and suitable appearance, what shall she do?

Let her have first an inspiration and lay a lasting cornerstone on which to erect dainty, effective little varieties of dress.

To begin with, the silk gown needs to be made of good armour or peau de sole weave, also, says the feminine authority, has tried and proved this plan, it requires linings twenty cents a yard. The silk may be made four and three-quarters yards wide at the bottom and fit the hips snugly, the waist cut absolutely plain, with sleeves of generous but not extravagant volume, the neck completed with a high, stiff collar band and the skirt so finished as to fit up smoothly the woman's bottom.

With the cost of lining needed and two yards and three-quarters of silk such a pattern calls for, the cost of the materials can be easily calculated, adding an item of three dollars and fifty cents for the well-chosen findings. The expense of dressingmaking ought to be reckoned by the personal skill of the purchaser, plus the aid of a seamstress in the house for two or three days.

Here then, is the gown for the statelier entertainments of the winter, to be worn with a stock and giraffe of clear peach-colored velvet and a bag front, made of plaited black chiffon, spanned over with fine green iridescent beads, sewed on by the wearer's nimble fingers. When it is completed the well known belt of the same material starts at Bolivar peninsula, and is now built for four and one-half miles. The two jetties, probably two miles apart at the shore end, gradually approach each other as they run into the gulf, so that at the water end there is but a narrow channel and a sort of funnel formed. Within the channel the water is very shallow, and it carries the sand into the sea. In

the few feet deep for the safe anchorage of the largest ocean steamers, but near the head, or small end, of the funnel these jetties make a sand bar. It has been growing in recent years, and there was great fear that big vessels would be shut out of the harbor.

This is the simple duty the jetties perform. When the tide goes out the tide comes up into the bay as it comes from deep water and brings little sand. When it goes out through the narrow channel formed by the jetties the current is naturally stronger and swifter, the water is more shallow, and it carries the sand into the sea. In a few words, this is the plan of the jetties.

Then comes the safe harbor within their walls. The sea never runs high there. That portion of the jetties nearest the shore is made of ordinary limestone; further out it is made of granite taken from Granite mountain, at Marble Falls, Tex. These jetties at the top will average about fifteen feet in width, and about one thousand feet long, and not more than forty per cent. of the material used so far has been granite. A five-ton block of this granite is the minimum used—the waves would make playthings of lighter weights, and a ten-ton block costs forty-four dollars.

Over the jetties, on a trestle built upon piles, a narrow railroad track is laid. It is a standard gauge, but four little engine hauls the cars. Nowhere is the railroad track more than four or five feet above the water. Four miles out at sea worms damaged the wood-work of the trestle so much that the track was abandoned and another built alongside of it. At the water end of the jetty a squad of men are engaged in driving big iron piles into the sea floor fast into the sand. The excavation is a most hazardous one. The Gulf current is very strong here and once a man loses his footing, precarious as best, it is all over.

As the piles are driven and the trestle forced the rail-road track is extended. Carloads of granite are run up and piled on the end of the trestle. It is dumped into the water and allowed to find its own resting place. Car load after car load is emptied into one spot without showing above the surface and without perceptible effect. When the winds blow for days from one direction and the gulf runs high the danger and the disengagement of work increase greatly. The breakers strike the jetty and the sand is washed away.

The contract for the work is claimed to be the largest single contract ever let by the United States government, and while an immense amount of money is being literally thrown into the sea, the cost of these jetties will be insignificant compared with the value of the shipping interests. It will be a long time to come before the jetties are completed. In

the meantime, however, the port of Galveston is to be greatly improved. Already an immense waterway business is done at Galveston. It is estimated that one-half the entire crop of Texas, three million bales, is shipped from this island city. The bar which is the purpose to destroy with the jetties does not prevent the entrance of steamers now, but the increase in business a free and safe port will cause a great increase.

The jetties are to be completed in time to meet the demand for the

## GALVESTON HARBOR.

**Wonderful Jetties to Be Constructed for the Purpose of Securing Deep Water.**

One of the greatest engineering feats of modern times is the construction of the wonderful jetties built to secure deep water for ocean steamers in the bay at Galveston. Anyone who never saw them jetting out into the sea, idea of the magnitude of this scheme to get deep water. From 1870 until four years ago the United States government has been letting contracts intermittently for this work. Each appropriation would be something like one hundred thousand dollars. When that amount was expended there would be a long delay until another appropriation was made, and the good result from the work. In 1870 Uncle Sam took the bit in his teeth and determined to rush things. He entered into a contract for six million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of work. The contractors have already expended about four million dollars and are now doing detail work, and another appropriation was made, and the good result from the work. In 1870 Uncle Sam took the bit in his teeth and determined to rush things. He entered into a contract for six million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of work. The contractors have already expended about four million dollars and are now doing detail work, and another

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# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER. : : : Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.  
THURSDAY Oct. 31, 1895.

## DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

For Governor,  
P. WAT HARDIN, of Mercer.

For Lieutenant Governor,  
R. T. TYLER, of Fulton.

For Treasurer,  
R. C. FORD, of Clay.

For Auditor,  
L. C. NORMAN, of Boone.

For Register of the Land Office,  
G. B. SWANGO, of Wolfe.

For Attorney General,  
W. J. HENDRICK, of Fleming.

For Secretary of State,  
HENRY S. HALE, of Graves.

For Surgt. of Public Instruction,  
ED PORTER THOMPSON, of Owen.

For Commissioner of Agriculture,  
ION B. NALL, of Louisville.

For Railroad Commissioner, Third District,  
GREEN R. KELLER, of Nicholas.

For the Legislature—31st District,  
JOSEPH C. LYKINS, of Wolfe.

### ANNOUNCEMENT.

We are authorized to announce CHAS. T. BYRD, of Campbell, as a candidate for the office of Circuit Court Clerk for Wolfe county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

The Republican papers now call Billy O'Connell Bradley "governor," but after next Tuesday his name will be Dennis and his doom that of a one horse lawyer in the treadmill of country litigation.

Henry L. Godsey, writing from Washington to his parents, says that he will be here next Tuesday to cast his vote for the Democratic ticket. Pity that he could not have been here in time to make a few speeches.

Hon. J. C. Lykins was in town last Saturday and says his election is assured by the usual majority, notwithstanding Mr. Burch will get a few votes. Mr. Lykins is a clever gentleman, well known and beloved, and will make us a first class representative.

The newly elected Democratic county committeemen will meet at the store of H. F. Pieratt, in this place, on Saturday next to elect a chairman, and a full attendance is desired. We hope the new chairman, whoever he may be, will be a man of unquestioned loyalty to his party and accept the position with the determination to do his full duty in all things.

Hon. J. G. Bailey, Republican candidate for representative in the Ninety-second district, denies by private letter that he is an infidel and asks THE HERALD to correct such rumor. The fact that Mr. Bailey did not deny the charge publicly when Mr. Pollard made it on the stump, is the sole cause of THE HERALD publishing the rumor that he was a non-believer. But, infidel or not, he is a non-believer in Democratic doctrine, and that is abundant cause for filling him away.

The Louisville Evening Post, otherwise a very readable paper and a very pretty one, while posing as a Democratic organ takes great delight in publishing the name of every sore-head Democrat who announces that he will not support Hardin, and from first to last has, perhaps, mustered as many as a "baker's dozen." The editor of the Post is evidently a sorehead himself, and Knots entitled to a place in the Democratic household. But the Post is only the tail to the Commercial kite, and flies high or low as the wind-maker indicates.

Through the courtesy of our friend, R. Buckner Allen, formerly of Lexington, but now a writer for New York papers, we have received the Moniteur de la Bijouterie et de l'Horlogerie, published in Paris, France, under date of October 10, in which we find the following article, reproduced from THE HERALD:

### ORIGINAL MODE D'ABONNEMENT.

A propos des toutes les modifications qui se produisent, en ce moment, dans la presse parisienne, on rappelle qu'il existe un mode d'abonnement, en Amerique, dont nous ne savons pas encore nous servir.

C'est au HERALD de Hazel-Green (Kentucky), que nous empruntons cette perle :

### PRIX D'ABONNEMENT PAR AN.

Vingt livres de porc;  
Ou dix livres de saucisse;  
Ou deux boîteaux de pommes de terre;

Ou cinq boîteaux de navets;  
Ou dix poulets;

Ou dix livres de lard;

Ou encore un boîteau d'oignons.

### PRIX D'ABONNEMENT POUR SIX MOIS.

La moitié des quantités ci-dessus.

De la sorte, les abonnés ne déboursent pas d'argent, et croient ainsi moins payer; les redacteurs sont assurés de ne pas mourir de faim.

French scholars may supply the necessary accented letters for the above, but for the edification of those of our readers who are not up in French we append the following translation, kindly furnished by our young friend James H. Swango:

### ORIGINAL KIND OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Among all the strange things which have appeared, at this time, in the Parisian press, one notices that there is a kind of subscription in America of which we have not yet availed ourselves.

It is in THE HERALD, from Hazel Green (Kentucky), that we clip this pearl:

### PRICE OF SUBSCRIPTION PER YEAR.

Twenty pounds of pork;  
Or ten pounds of sausage;  
Or two bushels of potatoes;  
Or five bushels of turnips;  
Or ten chickens;  
Or ten pounds of lard;  
Or even a bushel of onions.

Price of subscription for six months—half of the above quantities.

In this way the subscribers do not part with any money, and think, therefore, they pay less; the editors are assured not to starve.

If any of our French friends desire to take THE HERALD on the above terms, and thus possess themselves of "the ideal country paper of America," they can send along their produce, freight and customs prepaid, and we'll book their names. We pay postage.

Johnny Gripp, a Pittsburg boy, was killed by a pencil thrust one day last week. While returning from school he fell upon the pencil and the point penetrated his left breast, killing him instantly. This is by no means an isolated case. Preachers, politicians, and in fact people in every walk of life have been killed by the point of a pencil properly, or improperly, handled—killed to all intents and purposes—and so it will be as long as the Faber shall be used.

A. F. Watson, of Olioville, Lawrence county, Ky., is manufacturing the Horse Shoe Bed Springs in the old Swango brick store, and desires the patronage of the citizens of Wolfe and adjoining counties. The springs cost \$3.00, but will furnish the people of this neighborhood the springs for \$3.00. The springs can be had for produce, such as

**JOHN M. ROSE,**  
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Is the only firm in the town which handles the judy celebrated.

**Boots : and : Shoes**

from the wholesale house of

**C. P. TRACY & CO.,**

PORTRSMOUTH, OHIO.

When you want the BEST foot wear give him a call.

neatly



An Oxygen  
Home Remedy  
Without Medicine.

156 Fifth Ave., N. Y., April 5, 1895.  
"My confidence in the merits  
of the Electropoise is simple, convenient,  
economical and effective as it is—has  
constantly grown with my increasing observa-  
tion and experience." W. H. DePuy,  
A. M. D. D., LL. D., Editor People's Cy-  
clopedia.

Often Cues "HOW?"

Cases Pronounced  
"Incurable."

... Mailed free.

ELECTROPOISE

put on trial at reasonable rates.

DUBOIS and WEBB,

513 FOURTH AVE.

Louisville, Ky.

Please mention this paper when writing.

**Lexington and Eastern Railway.**

Time Table in Effect April 14th, 1895.

J. D. LIVINGSTON, CHAS. SCOTT,  
V. P. & Gen. Manager. Gen. Pass. Agent

### WEST BOUND.

STATIONS.	Mo. 1. 2/3	No. 1. Daily.	No. 5. Daily, ex- Sunday.
Lexington.....	6 10 30 am	6 10 30 am	3 35 pm
Albion.....	20 9 42 am	20 9 42 am	3 15 pm
Winchester.....	20 9 42 am	20 9 42 am	3 15 pm
Fairlie.....	27 9 27 am	2 20 pm	
Indian Fields.....	33 9 10 am	1 10 pm	
City.....	33 8 12 am	1 12 pm	
St. Paul.....	44 8 27 am	11 40 pm	
Fulton.....	53 8 27 am	10 48 am	
Dundee.....	53 8 27 am	10 17 am	
Natural Bridge.....	55 8 12 am	9 35 am	
Toront.....	55 7 54 am	9 35 am	
Beattyville Junction.....	56 7 33 am	8 00 am	
Three Forks City.....	74 5 36 pm	7 00 am	
Athol.....	82 5 38 pm	7 16 am	
Elkhorn.....	82 5 38 pm	6 20 am	
Jackson.....	94 6 30 am	6 00 pm	

### EAST BOUND.

STATIONS.	Mo. 1. 2/3	No. 2. Daily.	
Lexington.....	6 2 30 pm		
Albion.....	11 2 55 pm		
Winchester.....	20 3 15 pm		
Fairlie.....	27 3 29 pm		
Indian Fields.....	33 3 46 pm		
Clay City.....	40 4 05 pm		
St. Paul.....	53 4 28 pm		
Dundee.....	55 4 45 pm		
Natural Bridge.....	57 4 50 pm		
Toront.....	57 4 50 pm		
Beattyville Junction.....	74 5 26 pm		
Three Forks City.....	74 5 36 pm		
Athol.....	82 5 38 pm		
Elkhorn.....	82 6 00 pm		
Jackson.....	94 6 30 pm		

Nos. 2, 3 and 4 arrive and depart from C. & O. dep. Lexington; 3 and 6 from Freight depot at Netheland.

Nos. 3 and 4 run Sundays only. No. 3 going west, leaves Toront at 3:00 p. m., and No. 4, going east, leaves Toront at 10:00 a. m.

### TO MERCHANTS ONLY.

W. R. NUNLEY, Mt. Sterling, Ky.,  
REPRESENTING

HARBISON & GATHRIGHT,

LOUISVILLE, KY. Manufacturers of KENTUCKY SPRING and ALL OTHER SADDLES, BUGGY, BREAKAWAY AND ALL KINDS OF HARNESS.

The New Brass Staple Collar,

The Greatest Thing Out,

As well as everything a horse wears.

I am getting ready to start after spring order. Will reach you in plenty of time. However, if you want any special time to be fitted, write to Mt. Sterling. My traps are big. I want it bigger. Buy from me and we'll both be happy. Respectfully,  
W. R. NUNLEY.

### Constipation. & Bilioussness

Sick-headache,  
Pains in the back,  
Sallow complexion,  
Loss of appetite and  
Exhaustion.

There is only one cure, which is

**RAMON'S LIVER PILLS,  
AND TONIC PELLETS**

One Pink Pill touches the liver and removes the bile.

One Tonic Pellet nightly, acts as a gentle laxative in keeping the bowels open, restores the digestive organs, tones up the nervous system and makes new rich blood. Complete treatment, two medicines, one price, 25¢.

Treatise and sample free at any store.

BROWN MFG. CO., NEW YORK.

Louis & Gus

STRAUSS

THE LEADING

Clothing House

—OF—

KENTUCKY!

Largest Stock,

Lowest Prices,

Best Goods,

When in Lexington do not fail to give us a call.

Louis & Gus Strauss,

Main St., Opposite Phoenix Hotel,  
Lexington, Ky.

IF YOU WANT

—THE BEST—

CANE MILL OR EVAPORATOR

—BUY THE—

CHATTANOOGA

IF YOU WANT

BEST : WACON,

—BUY THE—

FISH BROS.

CALL ON OR ADDRESS

W. W. REED,

MT. STERLING, KY.

# THE HERALD.

**Jonas Vansant** was in town Tuesday.

**Fielder Lawson**, of Ezel, is dangerous ill with typhoid fever.

The infant child of Marion Nickell is reported to have died last Sunday night.

Why suffer with that headache, when you can secure a box of Migraine at this office for 50 cents and get immediate relief.

**Mitch Campbell** may not be the best overer in the county, but at any rate he has the best pieces of road.

You cannot be well unless your blood is pure. Therefore, purify your blood with the best blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Berry and Miss Clara Pieratt, of Ezel, whose illness we have reported from time to time are now on a fair way to recovery.

**Losr.** — On the road to Ezel or Goodwins chapel a fountain pen. The finder can get a liberal reward by returning to this office.

Will Jones and wife, of Fincastle, Lee county, attended the funeral and burial of Miss Stella Kash, who was a sister of Mrs. Jones.

**Arbry Brooks**, who has been taking in the sights at Lexington and Louisville for several weeks past, returned home Monday.

Don't fail to be at the polls on next Tuesday and vote the Democratic ticket. Vote it from "end to end" by putting the cross under the rooster.

**Ben Vansant**, of Elliott county, and representative for the Courier-Journal job printing company, was in our town Monday evening and Tuesday morning.

Miss Fannie Gay Ingels was summoned to the bedside of her sick mother at Paris, Ky., last Saturday, and left Sunday for home. She hopes to return the last of the week.

The J. T. Day mill, on the west side, is rapidly nearing completion and will soon be ready for the machinery, which will be the best ever placed in a similar plant in the mountains.

Many Republicans have expressed themselves for G. R. Swango foregatherer. The office is almost a strictly mountain office, and irrespective of parties, a mountain man should have it.

**John Evans** and wife left on Sunday morning for a visit to relatives and friends in Montgomery county. Mr. Evans will go to Louisville and perhaps engage to travel for some wholesale house at that place.

Deputy United States Marshal W. A. Byrd, who has been in Morgan and Monroe counties for some time on official business, passed through here on Tuesday enroute to Jackson. He says the outlook for Democratic success in those two counties is exceedingly bright.

Our subscribers who are in arrears must pay up AT ONCE, or we will be compelled to place their accounts in the hands of a collector. We need money to pay our debts, and if those who owe us will whip up what we can do so. Don't delay sending in your dollar, but send it at once.

The home of Rev. J. H. Scott, colored, just above Swango Springs, on the state road, caught fire Sunday, the 20th inst., and one side of the structure was almost completely destroyed. Messrs. Dye, Albright and Low happened to discover the fire and succeeded in subduing the flames.

Joe Frazier, who has been manager of the J. T. Day Co. cut-rate racket store since it started, has severed his connection with that concern, and on Sunday left for his home at Winchester. A. P. Lacy is now in charge of "the racket," and will be glad to cut prices on goods and sell to all his friends.

A good peg on which to hang your personal comfort for the next few years is Ramon's Tonic Liver Pills. This remedy is almost magical in its effects, and positively cures all forms of biliousness, rheumatism, neuralgia, etc. Sick headaches vanish speedily when this treatment has been used for a fortnight. Do not forget the name. Ask your druggist for Ramon's, and insist upon having it. A box costs but 25 cents—sample dose free.

Married, at the residence of the bride's father, S. M. Tyler, of Grassy creek, at 6 o'clock Friday evening, Miss Sarah Tyler to Riley Taubel, of Magoffin county. Rev. J. T. Pieratt officiating. Mr. Pieratt says he can ride now, and is ready to act at any time. THE HERALD extends congratulations to the happy couple and hopes they may have a lifetime of peace and prosperity.

## How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for removal of Catarrh that can not be cured by Halford's Cough Cure, F. J. CHENY & CO'S, Prop'tors,

Toledo, Ohio.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheny for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

West & Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio, Watling, Kinna & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood vessels and nerves of the system. Price, 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Swango, one of the best known football players in the state, and captain of the Frankfort team, has resigned his captaincy and taken a position as coach of the Odgen College team at Bowling Green, Mo. Swango is one of the best players in Kentucky, and his work on the Athletic club team last year won him much praise. He will be missed by Frankfort team, which he brought to a high standing, and the members only let him go with regret. Henry Lindsey will take hold of the Frankfort eleven, and as he is an experienced player, the team will be well handled.—Lexington Leader, Oct. 22.

## Uncurable.

We know that it sounds quackish to talk about the Electropepsine incurable disease but bear in mind the fact that it is the old treatment that has pronounced the case incurable. We do not know the plan that we can cure all incurable diseases but we can cure all incurable diseases by your family physician is a splendid field for the operation of the Electropepsine. It may be just the treatment necessary, and is quite likely to be so. If it fails, this is an argument against the "old" in such cases. The Electropepsine won't last long.

The subscriptions won't last long.

The first come, first served. Call at this office and see sample copy.

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## THE MURDEROUS MACHETE.

**It Is the National Weapon of Cuba and Is Skillfully Wielded by the Natives.**

In Cuba every man possesses a machete, no matter what else he doesn't own. It is the tool of the Cuban workman, the weapon of the Cuban soldier, the instrument with which he cuts the firewood for his own use. Indeed, it is hatchet and knife combined for him.

Every Cuban except those who live in the big cities like Havana, is familiar with the use of the machete. The ranks and file of the Cuban insurgents, who come from the plantations, are not skilled in the use of firearms, but they skillfully use it by the ferocity with which they engage in close-quarter engagements with Spanish soldiers with the faithful machete. When this is the case the Spaniard fares badly and the machete man leaves a lot of bloody corpses or wounded bodies behind him.

One of the horrible features of a field of battle where machetes have been used is the number of partly beheaded or partly ripped open bodies that are found.

A young Cuban explained the most common manner of using the machete. It is entirely different from sword practice; the thrust is not employed at all. The aim of the machete user is to cut, rip and tear his opponent and disable him at once. He who is armed with machetes, carry the weapon in a scabbard at the left side of the belt or dangling from a chain about the right wrist. In any case the weapon is not held for use until the lines are within a few yards of each other.

When the word is passed the machete is pulled from the scabbard with an upward stroke diagonal to the right, cutting the upper and the sharp edge towards the enemy. This constitutes one stroke, and is aimed at the abdomen of the attacked person with the design of cutting or tearing the body below the waist. With the weapon raised to the length of the right arm the wrist is simply turned over, and the machete makes a stroke back to the left so as to slash the attacking person's neck, the point partially behind him. With still one more turn of the wrist the edge of the machete strikes downward, cleaving the body again.

This is done with wonderful dexterity. These strokes are the easiest form of attack to learn among edged weapons. In the hands of the insurgents, who are habituated to the use of the machete and are very strong, the blow is described as wicked. Many times heads are all but severed from the body and a machete wound is usually fatal.

The machete used by the insurgents at present is a very cheap and ordinary looking affair and costs less than a dollar. It is made in England and in Germany. The blades are from twenty to thirty inches long. Some of them have a blade slightly curved back towards the handle, dull at one end, with a rounded point curved back to the thick edge. The favorite and the one which has done most damage to the Spanish forces has the thirty-inch blade, about three inches wide, long, straight and clean looking, and with the end cut off diagonally to a point as a milliner cuts the ends of a ribbon bow. The handle is rough-hewn from a piece of wood being run through the center and fastened together with what looks like four ordinary nails with the heads cut off. There is no guard at all, and the machete man often gets his fingers badly wounded. That is the simplest machine.

Others have the bone handle curved to fit into the palm of the hand. When the machete is held in this general position it isn't at all sharp. He however, whets it up until it cuts very easily. A Cuban who had been with the insurgent army described the scene after an encounter, when the insurgents sat around, each busily sharpening his machete for the next assault.

Not only the private, but the officers as well use the machete. The officers have a shorter and more compact staff. The long blades of the machete of the privates will almost bend double without breaking. The shorter, broader, thicker weapons have not the same elasticity.

Astonishing stories are told of the force of the blow that the insurgent can give with the native knife. In the national museum at Madrid is an American knife which is claimed, was completely split in half lengthwise without a blow from a machete.

Women have been known to use the machete, and during the Ten Years' war there were numerous instances where women whose husbands were away fighting defended themselves and children with the machete.—N. Y. World.

—His Thoughtfulness.—He—"Will you—will you—will you?"—She—"Oh, this is so sudden." He—"Don't get excited, please; I am making it just as slow as I can."—Detroit Free Press.

—We become willing servants to the good by the bonds their virtues lay upon us.—Sir P. Sidney.

## CATCHING A SHARK.

**Hooked and Shot and Then Torn in Pieces by Its Fathoms.**

For nearly forty-eight hours the ship had lazily rolled in the long swells of the Pacific, about three miles off shore, near a little town in Central America, and a traveler from that part of the world the other day. The shark had been hooked and shot and would swim sluggishly about the vessel, sometimes even rubbing familiarly against its sides. The passengers, however, had grown tired of watching them, as well as weary of looking at the coffee, coffee, coffee, which the natives were loading into the ship from boats alongside.

But the arrival of the second day the general languor was somewhat dispelled by the appearance on deck of the purser with a shark line. The passengers gathered around the stern of the vessel while the purser ran across his tackle.

The line was about five-eighths of an inch in thickness and five hundred feet long. The hook on the line was large enough to hold a whale, but it was not too stout, as was subsequently shown.

Next to the hook was a piece of chain about eighteen inches in length. Six feet from the hook was a piece of wood large enough to float the hook and chain, and at intervals of forty-five feet were three other pieces of wood, to keep the rope near the top of the water. After shooting enough fish on the hook to make a meal for several moderate sized families, the purser threw it overboard.

The hook floated slowly away from the vessel, it being kept about six feet from the surface of the water by the first piece of wood. The water was clear, however, that the fish on the hook could be seen plainly from our position deck.

The hook had been in the water only ten or fifteen minutes when two or three small sharks gathered around and seemed to be eyeing the tempting bait sharply. None of them deigned to touch it, however. Finally one big tiger, or man-eating shark, the largest one we had seen that day, appeared and began nosing about the bait. He swam close to the line, rubbing his fins against the fish. He came back a moment later, and rubbed against the bait again. Then he turned quicker than usual, made straight for the bait, touched on his side, and took fish, hook, and part of the chain into his mouth and started toward the bottom with them.

The purser gave the line a hard jerk to fasten the hook in the shark's jaw. The water being so flat that line did cut through the water when the hook pricked the shark.

The purser took a turn around the rail with the line and paid it out slowly, until the shark had three hundred and fifty or four hundred feet at its disposal. Then he made it fast. The shark, finding it could not break the line, tried new tactics. It swam the line and tried to spit out the hook. It did it twice, but when it was fastened in its mouth for the third time the shark approached, the purser took up the line and made it fast, when the shark started to swim away again.

This maneuver was tried several times, and finally the shark was within ten or twenty feet of the vessel.

Slowly the distance was shortened until it was almost directly under the stern of the vessel. Then the shark went down in the trough of a big dead swell, the slack line was quickly taken up and made fast again. When the swell rose on the top of the swell the head of the shark was two or three feet out of the water. We had a good view of it by this time. So far as was concerned he was a splendid specimen, weighing, the purser estimated, from one thousand and four hundred to one thousand six hundred pounds. It was of the striped or man-eating species, known sometimes as the tiger shark.

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The purser now brought a Winchester rifle of large bore, and when the ship raised the shark out of water he fired two shots into his head and down his throat. Some of the passengers expressed sympathy for the brute, but when they witnessed what followed shortly afterward all such feelings had departed.

The purser fired at least a dozen shots into different parts of the shark, but it was still alive. The blood flowed freely from the wounds, however, and colored the water in a streak for several hundred feet away from the ship.

The shot from the rifle did not seem to deter him in the least. After brushing against his helpless companion twice, he turned nearly over on his back, and, oh! what a sight! he took a big mouthful out of the tail of the member of his own species that was still alive, but unable to help himself. One of the natives in a barge alongside, who had been watching the shark and cut out the hook in the creature's mouth at this point, and he was allowed to drop down into the water. His doom was sealed, however. All the other sharks thereabout pitched in and literally tore him in pieces.

Some of the ladies could not watch the sight. "What's the use of sympathizing with him?" remarked one. "I'd have to do the same thing myself if I was there."

"They're no use anyway, and live by killing fish which are of some use to mankind."—N. Y. Tribune.

Mrs. Jones grieved.

"But I always declared I'd convince him, if it was my last act, an' if his spirit is in them ashes I'd just like to see him if it was hot enough for him."—San Francisco Post.

## THE INDIANS' RELIGION.

**They Believe in Good and Evil Spirits Their Sacrifices.**

The first English colonists moved by their strong Protestant feelings and horrified at the heathen ways of their red neighbors, disposed of the Indians very simply by sending them down as worshippers of the devil. More charitable studies of their character and customs came to maintain that their adoration was no other than a ruined image of the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Thus, some writers have fancied that their now-wows and guttural exclamations corresponded to the halleujahs of the Jews. It is certain that they conceived of a great god and a lesser deity, both warring with each other for the rule of man. But when it came to tracing the matter down it was found by the most careful observers that their religious ideas lacked uniformity.

The religion of most Indians came practically to this: Whatever they did not understand was in their eyes malignant and evil. The Indians' natural power has been observed to be treasured as containing a charm of peculiar efficacy; so has a wig, which has been snatched off the head of an officer when his amazed conqueror thought to scalp him. Such an incomprehensible machine as a watch or a clock was to them a talisman. They had a spirit inside it. Each red man carried about with him his own special medicine or fetish—some relic which he took to be his patron saint.

For him all things in nature had a spirit which it behove him to propitiate as often as he had to do with them. Thus, when about to shoot the rapid of a perilous waterfall, he would call to the spirit of the waterfall to let him pass. On entering the place the sheriff had backed up against the bar and faced the players. Wild Jim had leaped to his feet and pulled a gun with either hand, and the other players leaned back and looked around to see what was going on.

"Who's that the sheriff over at Deadwood, and he's come for Wild Jim?"

It crowded into the saloon to see what would happen. There were five men playing poker at one table. One of the men was Wild Jim, who was wanted for murder. On entering the place the sheriff had backed up against the bar and faced the players. Wild Jim had leaped to his feet and pulled a gun with either hand, and the other players leaned back and looked around to see what was going on.

"Who's that the sheriff over at Deadwood, and he's come for Wild Jim?"

"Going to take me dead or alive?"

"Yes."

"You can't take me alive, and if you move a hand I'll drop you!"

The sheriff smiled and looked around the room and back at Wild Jim and queried:

"How does the game stand, Jim?"

"I'm just dealt a hand."

"All right—finish it."

Wild Jim sat down and took five minutes to play out the hand. Then he looked up and said:

"Sure you want me, Joe?"

"Dog-sure."

"Jest come for me?"

"Fest for you."

"I'm goin' to kill you where you stand!"

He raised his gun in his right hand and blazed away, firing six shots as fast as his finger could pull trigger. The sheriff never moved. When the smoke had rolled out of the open door and we could see him he stood in the same position and his face wore the same smile. One bullet had grazed his shoulder, another had passed through his shirt collar under the left ear. Wild Jim was a dead shot, and yet he had missed his man at fifteen feet.

"Got through, Jim?" asked the sheriff, breaking a silence that was positively painful.

"And you are not heeded?"

Glared Jim as his arm sank slowly down.

"No—come on!"

"You didn't bring your guns?"

"No. If you are through shooting, we'll go."

Jim laid his two guns down on the table before him and walked to the door and out into the street. His horse was tied to a post a block away. He reached the horse, mounted and then headed down the long street after the sheriff, who was giving him the shortest attention. In five minutes the pair were out of sight.

"What ailed Jim?" I asked of the bartender, who had come to the door of the saloon.

"Lost his nerve," he brusquely replied.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, the sheriff coming without a gun and standing there to be shot at took all the sputt and away and made a show of him."

"Suppose the sheriff had had a gun?"

The man jerked his head toward the field wherein fifteen or twenty victims had been buried and said:

"He'd a-bin over that!"

"And will Wild Jim get clear?"

"Likely, but he'll be leave here."

The boy he already put him down as.

At his trial for murder in Deadwood Wild Jim was discharged from custody, but he went forth a changed man. No man took him by the hand—all men avoided him. Two weeks later he was found dead in Custer City—a victim of suicide.—Detroit Free Press.

## HE LOST HIS NERVE.

**After This Affair Wild Jim Was a Changed Man.**

A score of us saw the man as he came into the frontier town on his causeway and noted that one remarked how singular it was that he was unarmed. He hitched his horse to a post in front of the Big Elk saloon and had disappeared within the door of the shanty when a man came running up and exclaimed:

"Boys, that's the sheriff over at Deadwood, and he's come for Wild Jim!"

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—The sheriff was a changed man.

## OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—A cord of pitch pine under distillation gives the following substances: charcoal, 50 bushels; illuminating gas, about 1,000 cubic feet; illuminating oil and tar, 50 gallons; pitch resin, 1½ barrels; pitch lignum, 30 gallons; spirits of turpentine, 30 gallons; tar, 1 barrel; wood spirits, 5 gallons.

—The common crocodiles of Egypt were kept in temples reared in their houses. They were worshipped and fed with the greatest care and adored with costly trinkets. They were rendered perfectly tame and took part in the processions and other ceremonies.

—The passion flower is intimately associated in popular legends with the crucifixion. Its thomomies are supposed to typify the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, while in its other parts the imaginative eye finds the cross, the nails, the spear, the crown of thorns, the halo and various other emblematic objects.

—Out of 226,000 farms in Denmark, only 1,000 are over 256 acres in extent, and most of them are worked by their owners. By their great technical knowledge of their business and the gradual increase of grain growing to meet the wants of the market, the Danish farmers have suffered less from Transatlantic competition than those of any other European country.

—At Frascati, near Rome, there is a bachelors' union which recently protested against the overdressing and the general conduct of the girls of the town, and resolved to boycott those who did not heed the warning, and to do all they could to prevent them from marrying. Whereupon the girls of Frascati marched to the club room, forced their way in, tore up the curtains, and drove out the clubbers with clubs.

—Large tracts of dense forests in Australia are practically shingleless. Many kinds of trees in that strange country turn their edges instead of the flat surface of the leaves to the sun, and thus one may stand under a tree of enormous size and be as fully exposed to the sun as though he were in the open plain. Travel through these forests is not to be recommended, as the heat is so intense that one does not eat off the sun, prevent the breeze from reaching the ground, and thus the traveler experiences a stifling heat.

—European boys at birth are from one-half to one centimeter longer than girls, Prof. Waldeyer, of Berlin, told the Anthropological congress that met at Cassel, but when grown up men are ten centimeters taller than women. The average weight at birth for boys is 3,333 grammes, for girls 3,000 grammes. European men are superior to women in strength and height, but the muscles of the tongue are more highly developed in women. Male blood contains 5,000,000 red corpuscles to a cubic millimeter, female blood only 4,500,000, while the average man's brain weighs 1,372 grammes to 1,331 grammes for that of woman.

—The Philippines were discovered by Magellan in 1521. In 1571 Spanish supremacy was established over the Big Island, the capital city of Manila being founded. Up to the warlike Mohammedan tribes of the southern islands have maintained their independence. No fewer than twelve expeditions have been fitted out against Manila by the Spaniards against the Sooloo islands and southern Mindanao at various times from 1577 to 1850; but though it was easy to defeat the natives, their permanent subjection and conversion to Christianity has proved impossible. In 1762 England took Manila, but restored it to Spain by the treaty of Paris.

## Polyglot Signs.

The array of signs rendered necessary where citizens of various nations congregate often confuses one not familiar with the foreign languages, especially when the person is not aware that they all mean the same thing. On a door leading into one of the local sugar refineries are the following inscriptions:

No Admittance.

No Entry ist Verboten.

Vorläufige Eintritts-

Nie Wohndienst.

There is still another collection on board the East Star line steamship sailing to Antwerp. There is, of course, no smoking except on deck, and each state room is provided with the following sign:

No Smoking.

Nie Rooken.

Defense de Fumage.

Nie Rauchen.—Philadelphia Recd.

—A glow-Worm Cavern.

The greatest wonder of the antipodes is the celebrated glow-worm cavern, discovered in 1891 in the heart of the Tasmanian wilderness. The cavern caverns (there appears to be a series of such caverns in the vicinity, each separate and distinct), are situated near the town of Southport, Tasmania, in a limestone cliff, about four miles from the sea. The entrance to the main cavern is in the side of an underground river, the entire floor of the subterranean passage being covered with water about a foot and a half in depth. These wonderful Tasmanian caverns are similar to all caverns found in limestone formation, with the exception that their roofs and sides literally shine with the light emitted by the millions of glow-worms which inhabit them.—Chicago Chronicle.

## THE FARMING WORLD.

### MUSHROOM CULTURE.

An Industry Which is Attractive as Well as Profitable.

It is a mystery why mushrooms are not more widely appreciated in this country as an article of food, for it is a well-known fact that the real value of mushroom diet is placed second to meat alone. Were the people of Russia and parts of Germany to see our woods and clearings during the autumn rains, they would feast on the rich food which in most places here goes to waste. Indeed, it is the epicures who appreciate this food and are not slow to pay fancy prices for it in the market.

During the season when mushrooms are gathered, people neglect the brother to a considerable extent. Mushrooms, as has been stated by Prof. Palmer in one of his works, make the same use of the air we breathe as is made by animals; when cooked they resemble no other form of vegetable food, and in decay their odor in some cases cannot be distinguished from putrid meat. Certainly the parasol-like growth is for food, and in spring or in a night, is not a plant in any sense. It more nearly resembles a flower, bearing as it does, the spores that are analogous to seeds. The true plant which feeds, grows and finally prepares to flower, is the network of whitish threads which form what is commonly known as the "spawn," or, botanically, the mycelium of the mushroom.

It is to the garden, or indoor culture of mushrooms that the majority of gardeners camp-strike, that we desire here to call attention. There is an ease and novelty about this business which should make it attractive, not only to all amateurs for home use, but to commercial gardeners near all large towns. The profits are large, in comparison with the outlay of material and labor necessary. Fifty to sixty cents a pound wholesale can be obtained without the least difficulty.

It is necessary to success that they be grown in very rich soil, the indis-



MUSHROOMS.

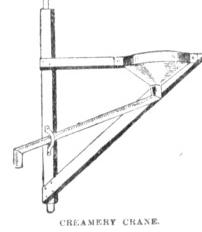
sensable ingredient of which is horse manure, and in a steady temperature. Any place, such as a cellar, shell, greenhouse pit, shade master, greenhouse benches, etc., where either naturally or by the use of artificial means a temperature of from 50 to 60 degrees may be had, will answer. Good drainage must be provided; hence a shelf or series of shelves or benches may readily be employed to best advantage.

The amateur should not be allowed to get started with rains, but should be kept fairly dry until it is ready to form a bed, and all the long straw or other litter should be shaken out of it. Manure can be used to grow them in only by turning it over repeatedly to get rid of its greatest heat. Usually it is preferable to mix from one-fourth its bulk to equal its bulk with fresh loam or good garden soil. Of course, manured material should be ready before commencing to make the beds. The latter should be of about the size or shape desired, but experience proves that to have them from 2 to 4 feet wide and about 18 to 20 inches deep answers the best. Where there is plenty of room, it is a good plan to make the beds more or less sloping at the sides. Beds might also be made in old tubs, or in casks sawed in two. By taking this latter plan, the vessels could, after being filled, be carried up to the cellar, or other parts of dwelling houses where one would not like to bring in the manure in its rough form. In forming the beds the manure and soil should be packed firmly together, layer by layer, with a mallet, or something similar. A thermometer should then be placed near the central point of the bed, its bulb being kept three or four inches below the surface. The probability is that the temperature of the bed will rise for a few days and then begin to lower. When it reaches about so degrees the bed is ready to spawn. Spawns can be purchased in bricks of all seedsmen to make a start with, but when mushroom culture is once commenced plenty of spawn can be had at all times for planting new beds. The bricks or pieces of spawn should be broken in half the size of the hand lengthwise, or less, before being inserted in the bed. These pieces should be placed 3 or 4 inches apart, and 10 to 12 inches apart. About ten days after spawning spread over the surface of the bed some 2 to 3 inches of nice, fresh loam, and then wait for your crop. This should begin to show a few weeks later, varying somewhat according to the temperature.

### A CREAMERY CRANE.

The Designer of the Device Calls It a Strength-Saver.

A strength-saver for the creamery that takes in several hundred cans of milk daily is worth having. Here it is: A strong wooden crane that swings big the funnel end downward when swinging against a stationary timber and hooked to it, thus giving the teamster a solid place to rest the neck of each can while emptying it. It saves the cans from getting bruised also. A stiff iron hoop is fastened to the top bar of the crane and the funnel head sets in it. Where the funnel tube passes the crane standard a strong leather strap



is passed over it and buttoned on to a screw, thus binding it firmly. The milk flows into the weigh instead of being carried there and dumped into it. When the door is closed it is swung in from the weather.—Orange Judd Farmer.

### HINTS FOR DAIRYMEN.

The purpose of cutting the curd, in cheese-making, is to facilitate the escape of the whey.

Before adding the rennet in cheese-making, stir in the coloring matter, first diluting it with water.

We would say to an ingrener that an outfit for cheese-making to cost \$400 cows will cost from \$100 to \$200.

This can never more care than any other animal on the farm, and she should have it or she will fail to pay a profit.—N. Y. Tribune.

EXPERIENCE has shown that when milking tubes are used the yield of milk is less than when the milking is done by hand.

WHEN a cow makes an effort to get away from a man, whenever he appears, you may be sure that she knows how to take the toe of his boot.

It has been noticed that when one teat is milked at a time the milk from the second teat is the richest; that from the first teat the next; that from the third the next and milk from the last is poorest.—Farmers' Voice.

London News

Sometimes it is possible to dispense with watering the plants, this being only necessary when the temperature gets quite dry. Then water carefully, using water heated to about 100 degrees.

By making up beds at intervals of eight or ten weeks throughout the year, a continuous supply of mushrooms may be secured. As a rule, however, mushrooms grown in greenhouses or in buildings are liable during the hot part of summer or early fall to get eaten by the maggots of various flies, so that it may be as well to have an "off" season, say, the months of July and August. It is to be hoped that the consumption of this valuable food-article will greatly increase in the near future.—Ohio Farmer.

### SALTING THE COWS.

Keep the Salt Where the Animals Can Help Themselves Freely.

Scatter salt in the cow-pastures or in their feed boxes once every two or three fortnights, and you strike their appetites for it, hit or miss. But keep it where the creatures can lick it every time they desire, and you are giving an opportunity for nature to gauge the requirements of the system more surely than is possible in any other way. Cows cannot keep healthy and thrive without salt, and the only positive entitly to them to deprive them of its supply, and the only sure way of ascertaining whether or not they have a full supply is by keeping a supply where they can help themselves. Facilities for a constant and free access to salt should be found in every stable. One of the first essentials in preparing feed of any kind for any kind of stock is to have it whole—some and another important essential is to have it palatable. In choosing salt to use in the dairy care must be taken to have only that of the best quality. While rock salt is probably the best and cheapest that can be used for the stock to eat, only the finest and purest should be used in the making of the butter and cheese where it must be incorporated with or into the butter. Depots in a central state are more or less impregnated with mineral impurities that in many cases are highly detrimental to the salting-keep qualities.

The difference in the cost is so small that in all cases it will prove economy to use nothing but the best, and then to take all reasonable care to keep clean and pure. Keep salt where the cows can help themselves daily in order to maintain the best health, and use only the best and best salt in the dairy in order to maintain the best quality of product.—A. J. Shepherd, in Farmers' Voice.

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### HOUSEHOLD BREVIETIES.

—*Thickened Patties.*—Mince chicken left from dinner. Add pepper, salt, a little flour and cream. Stir over the fire till it thickens. Line patty pans with paste, fill with the mixture and bake.—Housekeeper.

—*Apple Jelly for Cakes.*—Grate one large apple, add the juice and grate in one lemon. Sift together one cup of white sugar, and let boil for three minutes. Use immediately. This makes a delicious filling for layer cakes.—Prairie Farmer.

—*Eggs.*—A brush of the shell with the finger the eggs are broken will make an additional white to every dozen. The revolving whisp of an egg beater should be held in a horizontal position. Egg shells, "soft-boiled eggs" should be cooked by the ordinary process. Place six eggs in a flat dish so that they will lie one upon another; pour over them two quarts of boiling water; let them stand in it ten minutes. For "hard eggs," drop eggs into a kettle of cold water, and allow the water to boil without covering the kettle; then let the water simmer gently for twenty minutes.

—*Potato Cakes.*—Boil a potatoe, plain, plain to boil it a good quantity of dripping or butter and one whole egg; pass the potatoes while hot through a wire sieve (if well mashed with a fork it will answer as well). Mix well in the basin with the egg and butter, season with a little grated nutmeg, pepper and salt. Turn the potatoe on a floured board, roll it with the hands into forms of any size, poppydoling, then cut it in slices of two inches, flour a baking sheet, and pat on the little potatoe cakes; bake in a hot oven twenty minutes; serve split and buttered or plain for tea.—Leeds Mercury.

—*Peaches and Rice.*—Boil three tablespoonsfuls of cleanned rice in one pint of milk, with sugar to taste and flavor with vanilla. Allow it to cool. Meanwhile prepare a custard by boiling together one cup of milk and two yolks of four eggs, which mix into rice. Beat a gill of cream to a froth with a little sugar and just a pinch of gelatine dissolved in a spoonful of water. Stir this lightly with the mixture, fill a mold and set on ice. Cut a few peaches in halves and simmer them in sugar and water syrup for half an hour, then drain and allow to cool. Lastly, turn the custard rice on to a platter and garnish the petals around it.—Mary Mason, in Boston Budget.

—*Stuffed Cabbage.*—Take a firm head of cabbage, remove outer boiling water, let it stand fifteen minutes, drain, seal and let stand half an hour, then drain and shake until dry. Make stuffing of two tablespoonsfuls of rice, a tablespoonful of chopped onion, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, half a pound of sausages mixed well together, then add to the center of the head a half teaspoonful of the mixture, fold over two or three of the leaves cover with a layer of the mixture, fold over more leaves and continue until each layer is filled. Press all firmly together, tie in a piece of cloth, put in a kettle of salted, boiling water and boil an hour and a half. When done, remove the cloth carefully, turn it up, rub it a dozen times with cream sauce. Slices of ham or other meat can be used, also cold biscuits, light bread, crackers; the crackers and butter make a good stuffing seasoned with pepper, dressed with cream.—Mrs. M. C. Sparkman, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

—*Egg and Ham Patties.*—The ham and egg patty is a dainty breakfast dish which is very easily prepared, providing part of the work has been done the day before. Cut a slice about one inch thick from a large slice of bread. Cut out in a circle, forms with a paring knife two or three sizes smaller cut down in the center of this to within about a quarter of an inch of the bottom; cut out these center circles leaving the circles of bread in the shape of patties of pastry. Dry these forms for ten minutes in the oven, then turn the oven to a moderate heat where they will not burn too crisp and fry them to a light brown in a kettle of lard hot enough to cook doughnuts. When these shells are ready they may be used any time in twenty-four hours if kept in a cool place. For breakfast set the shells to heat in the oven while you prepare the interior. Chop fine half a pound of lean bacon and mix with a little nice brown sauce or cream sauce, whichever you prefer; season it with a pinch of cayenne. Fill the shapes with this mixture, lay a poached egg on each and serve them as hot as possible.—N. Y. Tribune.

—*Official Bicyclists in France.*—Cycling, even more popular in France than in England, has just obtained recognition in the French telegraph services. The postmaster-general is allowing by way of experiment a limited number of men to be employed as postmen, and they will receive an extra allowance of twelve shillings a month.

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